few candles in the scones hanging upon the bare walls gave light to the tragic scene. In an anteroom the sobs of an old servant were to be heard. They had not summoned the artist's friends, nor did any think of doing so. Perhaps they did not understand that he was dying, for Edmund Orlopp had confessed as much to Dolores alone.

Twice upon the road Gabriel had opened his eyes and spoken with a resignation which defied hope. "I am going to dream again," he had said. "You can do nothing for me. I know it—there is one truth the skies cannot hide from a man. Let me be, Orlopp. It is better so."

Or again: "I shall die with France. If you were one of us, you would understand. Let me see the sun for the last time, Orlopp. It shone upon me when I painted the picture. There is a message in the sunshine, Orlopp. May we not be conscious of it afterward? God knows! I am going to find it out to-night."

They answered him with what gentle words they could. Within the studio a deadly pallor crept upon his face, and the staring eyes of a dying man fell upon the dream-picture his genius had painted.

"The voice within us never lies," he said, raising himself upon his elbow and gazing intently at the canvas; "we do not dream in vain. Every thought, every act that is the impulse of an unknown voice, should be sacred to us. You cannot save me, Orlopp. There is the decree. The night gave it to me; the night will fulfill."

He sank back upon the pillow and closed his eyes. Premonition of his own death was killing him, for he had suffered no mortal wound. Loss of blood there had been; but no organ was wounded vitally, and Orlopp never doubted that but for the picture of his dream he would be living to-morrow.

"He is dying for an idea," he said to Dolores. "What we can do has been done. That cursed picture will kill him! I have no skill which can blot it out. He never should have gone to Buzenval. I blame myself that I permitted him to go."

"It was decreed," she rejoined. "You have been his friend, Edmund. I knew that it must be so when he spoke to us in the studio yesterday. We only can bow our heads to destiny."

He knew how much resignation cost her and how her affectionate nature suffered for this man she had esteemed so greatly, this genius whom the whole civilized world would mourn to-morrow. And yet he had confessed nothing but the truth when he told her that his skill could do no more. Gabriel Sordelli lay dying for his faith in his own handiwork. He would die because the figure of his dream lay dead before him. Thus Orlopp reasoned as he paced the gloomy room and watched the pallid face. Could nothing yet be done? Was there no key to this passing enigma of fate and doom? Desperately, as one tortured by doubt and the omens of despair, he stood again before the canvas, and studied every line of it. With what transcendent skill it had been painted! How perfect was the light and shade! And the portrait itself—no other living artist could have surpassed the truth or beauty of it. A portrait of the dead by the living hand!

But was it that? Orlopp peered into the canvas, and a flush came upon his usually pallid face. Gods! what new idea was this? He looked again, and hope came to him as upon a freshet of desire. This figure of the dream was not that of a dead man, he said. There was life in the nervous pose of the fingers; the heart beat beneath the bared breast. And the allegory? He turned to Dolores as though her answer to his question would of itself raise Gabriel Sordelli from the grave.

"Sabine de Saint-Beuve—where does she live?"

She answered him without comment. "At her father's house in the Avenue de l'Imperatrice."

"Will you go to her and bring her here, Dolores?"

"I will go, Edmund." She did not know what was in his mind; but her faith restrained the question.

Left alone in the studio, Orlopp stood by the dying man's side and counted, sometimes aloud, the minutes of waiting. As the men of old-time strove against the fates in the theaters of Greece, so in some sense was he contending with them in that momentous year of the nineteenth century. One by one the leaves of this life before him were falling. A sigh, a breath long drawn, might snap the thread forever. And all man's skill must be impotent before this great play of chance, this jest of destiny ever capricious when humanity is her sport. Orlopp feared almost to turn away his eyes. Was Sabine de Saint-Beuve in Paris, or had she fled before the war? He listened with ear intent for the sound of her steps. Would she come too late? Ah, what suspense, what desire that this life should be given to him!

*

She came to the studio at six o'clock, a veiled figure, but not so closely veiled that the exquisite eyes and deep chestnut hair of one of the most beautiful women in Paris were hidden from them. Pride had dealt churlishly with the lovers through the years of misunderstanding; but Sabine de Saint-Beuve never had ceased to carry Gabriel's image close to her heart and to believe that the day of harvest would reward her. Had the summons come from the Gabriel of yesterday, from Gabriel the immortal, as the critics declared, the master of salons and the pride of France, she would have answered it with her father's disdain; but when a sweet voice told her of a stricken man and a darkened room and a life that ebbed away with the dying day, then pride bent the head and the woman within her spoke.

"I will go to him," she said. "My place is at his side."

The darkened streets were full of the returning soldiers as the two hurried to the Avenue de Jéna. Bivouac fires had been lighted upon the Champs-Elysées, and their weird light shone ominously around the gloom of the gathering night. To Dolores this picture of woe seemed to say that her errand had been vain. Nothing, she believed, could avert that omen of the dream. As the vision had been, so the truth must be. In this dread fear she approached Gabriel's house with the hesitation of one who believes that the worst is to be learned. Nor would Edmund Orlopp himself dare to say what the truth was when he met them with hand upraised and weary face.

"He has not moved since you left," he said to Dolores, and then to Sabine de Saint-Beuve: "At least you have done an act of charity in coming to us, mademoiselle."

Her answer was a look of anguish from eyes which could not hide the truth. Half-veiled as she was, she knelt at Gabriel's side and put her cold hand upon his heart. He turned as a man who is in sleep and breathed a full breath again.

"Sabine!" he murmured in a voice so low that the whisper of flowers had been a greater sound.

The girl bent down and kissed his forehead. Her hot tears glistened upon his aching eyes. He did not speak again; but fell to sleep with her arm about his neck.

"The dream is over," Orlopp said to Dolores; "he will wake in her arms and will live."

*

And in truth there were many in Paris next day who cared little for the news of the last sortie, but much for the tidings that Gabriel Sordelli had lived through the night.

"He will recover," they said. "The English doctor has saved him."

But how or when Edmund Orlopp had accomplished this seeming miracle none but Dolores could have told.

[The next story in the series, "A Daughter of the Reds," will be "Raphael Decroix," to appear in The Sunday Magazine of June 18.]